



U. S. LARGEST PLANE CRASHES

The largest airplane ever constructed in the United States lay in a mass of smoldering ruins on November 28th beside the ashes of two houses into which it crashed and set fire after a careening half mile test flight from Roosevelt Field, New York. The 30 passenger Fokker air transport with only two of its four motors functioning ended its erratic flight after it had cut down two telegraph poles, stripped a radio aerial from one house, a chimney from another and roof from another, and then crashed broadside into a fourth. It then caught fire and burned as did the two nearest houses. The two pilots escaped with slight injuries.

HOTEL LINCOLN SUED BY MOVIE ACTRESS

A verdict awarding damages of \$167,000. to Miss Juanita Hansen, motion picture actress, was returned by a jury in Supreme Court at White Plains, N.Y. against the Hotel Lincoln (we are all acquainted with this hotel) where Miss Hansen testified she suffered burns from scalding water after turning the handle designated "cold" on a shower.

A talking motion picture of the confession of a burglar has been accepted by a Philadelphia Court as admissible evidence in a criminal case. Judge James Gay Gordon who accepted the evidence is believed to have established a precedent in criminal jurisprudence. The picture shown on a screen in the courtroom showed Harold Rollo, the burglar, stating his case in the office of the Inspector of Detectives. A talking device made audible his confession to bobbing a score of houses.

"TIGER OF FRANCE" DEAD

Georges Clemenceau, the great Frenchman, died on November 23d. The splendid stormy career of the wartime savior of France ended at his home at No. 3 Rue Franklin, Paris. He was 88 years old, yet to the end he was energetic, mentally and physically, with his pen and tongue as entrenchments. France was profoundly stirred by the death of her great leader affectionately known as the "Father of Victory." His implacable dealings put backbone and heart into France during the days when the Germans were driving at the Marne, he led the relentless drive to victory by his encouragement. Few men in all time have enjoyed the power that Clemenceau commanded.

ANTARCTIC SUBJECT OF FUTURE DIPLOMATIC STRUGGLE.

Commander Byrd's air expedition into the Antarctic has brought up an international question which, in time, may require diplomatic negotiation by the London and Washington Governments. The question is that of national title to the land in the South Polar Region, much of which is claimed by Great Britain on the grounds of discovery and previous exploration. For the time being, United States is avoiding a discussion of the issue.

SUE AND NICK TIE NUPTIAL KNOT

Sue Carroll and Nick Stuart, young film stars, made announcement on November 29th of their secret marriage last July. It had been rumored for some time that they were engaged, but both of them strongly denied even friendship, but when their marriage application came to light in Ventura, California, they had nothing else to do but admit that they were married.

THE PAN-ARUBAN

The PAN-ARUBAN is by and for the Employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation, and affiliated Companies. It proposes to present the issues, not debate them; to publish news, not create it; and to make Aruba more enjoyable.

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| | |
|----------------|------------------|
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| Jake Porter | Business Manager |
| Russell King, | News Editor |
| Frank Perkins | Sports Editor |
| Don Heebner | Feature Writer |
| R.W.Schlageter | Publisher |
| Herb. Forcade | Staff Artist |
| Roy T.O.Nalley | Staff Artist |

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EDITORIAL COMMENT:

CLIMBING THE LADDER

Of the many "success stories" which we've read, one persists in bobbing up in our memory. It seemed the most tangible reason for success.

We realize that when the successful man tries to draw a hypothesis for success he usually puts emphasis on something he did not realize or understand at the time of his striving, but, nevertheless, that one quality, that one virtue, that one mental process made him successful, he says. To the contrary, it was probably the combination of his chemical make-up, his environment, his education and a goodly percentage of luck that brought success.

At best success is only comparative. There is no universal scale. However, putting success on a dollar and cent scale, from an outsider's view point and forgetting that peace of mind and happiness might be a consideration from the individual's standpoint, this particular success story presents itself.

"The reason he succeeded was because he picked out one particular job ahead and worked for it. When he reached there, he picked another job ahead, studied and applied himself, worked, and landed there. He had the goods and he delivered. He had ideas and put them across. He had a patch picked out and covered it jump by jump. He succeeded because he knew where he wanted to go, equipped himself to get there.

A road map, brainy chauffouring and luck constitute the elements in this formula to get you to Successville.

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THE SENATE CLOWNS

The great American two-ring circus has been barn-storming again. Congress, meeting in a special session over the tariff, has contrived to give the American public their money's worth in laughs.

Not gain-saying the benefits of deliberation which prevents hasty, inadvised legislation, we do believe that more progressive action can be effected by deliberation confined to a discussion of the issues under debate.

Deliberation which draws its strength from clowning is at best costly and unproductive. Instead of manufacturing now epithets to hurl at each other, our Senators might well spend their time in bridging the chasms which are fast turning the United States into a many-partied many sectioned political system. Arguing the man makes arguing the issues more prejudiced.

The wonder isn't that there's so much legislation, but that there is any legislation at all.

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HELP WANTED - MALE

MANAGER for Club House. Call R.V. Heinze, Acid Works, No. 91, any time during the day shift for interview.

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THE PAN-ARUBAN'S BIRTHDAY

by
Don Heebner

Our paper is just six month's old,
And its time that the story is told
Of its start; how it grew;
Of its Staff; and a few
Of the stories these fellows have "sold."

Reg. Miller could not sleep at night.
He tried it both sober and "tight."
But his mind wouldn't stop.
It went flip-poty flop,
Till a thought set him off on a flight.

"I'll start up a paper," he said.
You see how it went to his head.
"Print the news and the laughs
In a few para-graphs."
Then Reg. toppled over in bed.

His Staff he selected next day.
A difficult task to assay.
So he tossed up a quarter,
And chose Jacob Forter.
Thus Jake got his start in the fray.

Between them they framed up a list.
Of the brainiest boys in our 'midst.
And called them together
To talk about whether---
There was any one else they had missed.

And now, as the thing was all set,
A name for the paper they'd get.
The most brilliant answer
Came from Alton R. Mansir
PAN-ARUBAN was his winning bet.

Jack Emery then offered a prayer.
And promised that he'd do his share
Of running down news,
Said he'd never refuse
To help on press night--when he's there.

Hugh Henley next fervently swore
That he'd work as a news edit-or.
But his swearing was late,
For he took him a mate
And that finished the news on his score.

The artist who draws our front cover,
Is a dif-for-ent sort of a lover.
Horby Forecade, they say,
Loves his work more than play.
And he's keeping that fact on the cover.

A good man was needed for sports,
Who could wise-crack athletic retorts.
For this tedious task,
Frank Perkins was asked.
Now he "scores" overything he reports.

Next follows our nine-o-graph,
But still you have not heard one half.
For news must be typed,
Just as Oil must be piped.
So Don got a job on the Staff.

Russ King took his place at the bat,
Introducing his "It's Rumored That."
Give the big boy his dues,
Read his radio news,
Which we print--when we know where they're at.

AS WE GET IT became all the rage,
When Miss Powell was writing that page.
She sure was a winner
At reporting a dinner.
But, alas, she's been gone for an age.

When the paper had grown quite a deal,
Then our Publisher started to squeal.
So we got in Big Bob,
To help with the job.
Now every one's happy we feel.

About once in a dozen blue moons
Comes an artist who draws real cartoons.
We've got one, by galloway,
In Roy T. O. Malley.
He hands many laughs to the "lookas."

When the paper is printed and set,
All ready for readers to get.
H. Smith see's they go,
To your own Bungalow
He's never missed any one yet (So we hear)

Or, perhaps, your fancy it tickles
To dally in Dutch dimes and nickles.
Tom Turner's the guy
Who asks you to buy ("PAN-ARUBAN!")
In the Mess Hall while you're eating pickles.

And now, as our paper you read,
We hope that you all are agreed
That the Staff's a good crowd.
Won't you praise them out loud?
For that's just the help that we need.

'AS WE GET IT'

4.

Lu m Rought, Chief Timekeeper, now vacationing in the States, writes from Chicago that he awoke one morning recently to see several inches of snow upon the ground. Straightway he wired Mr. Shelton for passage on a boat back to Aruba.

Mr. Rought will arrive here on the "HARWOOD."

Mrs. W. J. Dugger entertained the "All States Pinochle Club" at her home, Bungalow 100, on Tuesday afternoon, December 3d. It takes forty-eight present for a quorum, but here are those All*Stators, headed by Mrs. Harry Harrod, the president of the Club, who played Pinochle to the tune of the Dugger hospitality. Mesdames Federle, King, Dugger, Tonkinson, Forbes, Lowe, Persons, Emory, Peoblos, Wilkens and Montvillo. The Club and the Pan-Aruba Camp regret to lose Mrs. Goo. Wilkens who is returning to the States. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Tony Federle. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Jack Emory.

The "All States" entertained at a Club Meeting for their husbands at the home of Mrs. Peoblos and Mrs. Emory, last Thursday evening.

Last Saturday evening a truck load of new arrivals went bounding past the mess hall. A bunch of the boys were waiting for the mail to be passed out, and as usual, were in a jocular frame of mind waiting patiently for that letter from sweet-heart, mother, or friend. Someone yelled "Eighteen months for you, fellows." One of the boys on the truck turned and said, "Say, how long have you got left?" "Oh, not very much, only 17½ months now."

Use your own judgment.

REWARD will be paid the person who returns a purse containing 18 five dollar gold pieces, a pass and two letters believed to have been lost near Bunkhouse #11. Finder may receive reward by turning over purse to the PAN-ARUBA office.

We sympathize deeply with Mr. Chas. Christianson whose son was fatally injured in an accident on a construction job in Staten Island. Walter, another son, who worked here for several months, sent word of the fatality.

Another sad piece of news is the report of the death of Ralph Estopp, formerly of Casper, Wyo., who died in New York November 15th. Ralph was employed in Aruba on the Pressure Stills. Burial took place at Loveland, Colorado where his son is buried. The Estopp family was in Seattle at the time of Ralph's demise. We offer our sympathy to his family and to his many friends in Casper and Aruba.

Mr. and Mrs. McCune, real Pan-Aruba pioneers, have settled in California. Their vacations took them through old haunts in New Mexico, Arizona and Wyoming. They were the subjects of an unpleasant experience during their trip through Wyoming. During a cloud burst, a wall of water swept down a ravine and engulfed them and their car which they had left stalled. We are happy that the doughty "Mac's" pulled through this experience and are enjoying the scenery and climate in their new California home.

If a man lost his golf jacket, could he still play golf? If this same man lost his walking suit, could he walk? Or if he should lose his running pants, could he run? John Hamilton says it all depends where you lost them. He ought to know.

Mr. Frank Perkins, who went to Curacao several weeks ago to have his teeth fixed, returned to Aruba Wednesday of this week. Perk insists that he remembered to go to the dentist while in Curacao.

The Crew of the PUNTA BENITEZ is postponing the fact that they were forced to postpone their dance for next Saturday night (Dec. 7th) at the Marino Club. A little matter of change of ship sailing schedule forced the postponement.

SUB-ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE PLANS
MESS-HALL HOP, DECEMBER 14th

Gilbert Williams and Bill Kitzmiller, a Sub-Committee of the Employees Ass'n. Entertainment Committee, are managing a dance to be held in the Mess Hall, Saturday night, December 14th.

The dance will run from 9 to 12:30 with the Pan Am Funmakers playing the scores.

Williams says he has the boys on his mind - Dancing, Entertainment and Refreshments - a lively time - and the admission is to be one dollar and fifty cents for men - ladies free.

The Employee's Ass'n. invites the Camp to this pre-Christmas dance.

The tourist season in Curacao and Maracaibo will fall off perceptibly when the new dentist arrives in Aruba.

ALBINO RATTLER KILLED BY PAN-ARUBAN HUNTER.

Having seen the pix and read the cays in various recent rotogravure sections, a Pan-Aruban warrior got the big game-hunting urge. Armed only with nature's weapons and his trusty Barlow knife, he forced his way into the jungle back of the tank farm prepared to come out laden with spoils.

After a vain quest for tusks, claws and horns, he finally came out with eight rattles and a button. His story is that a snow-white rattler met him, coiled, struck (at), missed and was annihilated with a native club cut from a native tree with the aforementioned Barlow.

How all this was accomplished during the striking, missing and annihilating we have been unable to learn. However, the snake was sizeable, white, the rattles were furnished as evidence and we know that this modern St. Patrick, J.M. Roberts, does not have alcoholic hallucinations. Therefore we accept the story as fact, all doubts to the contrary, notwithstanding. Merely caring out with a button in Aruba, would make any man a hero.

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Just in case the boys have forgotten during their 18 months in Aruba, and are now about to return to the U.S.A.--just as a gentle reminder to those lads, may we state that the U.S.A. still has its Prohibition Laws in effect--and it does

not seem to matter whether you were a Jefe in Aruba or not, the little old hammer will be used on your liquor, and the fine will be \$5.00 per quart for all they find in your possession. A word to the wise---

At rare intervals during the course of human events, one comes across some person who has led such a sheltered career that they have never been exposed to any of the ordinary things in life. They have implicit faith in Santa Claus, and insist that storks build their nests in sugar barrels.

We have come across one of these rare personages in Aruba. Not that he still believes in Santa, but imagine having reached the age of discretion without meeting up with a waffle. Such is the case of Andrew Tully, erstwhile exponent of Oil in all its dimensions. Not until last Sunday morning when the Henleys gave a Waffle Breakfast had Mr. Tully ever eaten waffles, for apparently they are not so common (if waffles may be referred to in that manner) in England as in our own U.S.A.

It was interesting to watch the expression of one meeting a waffle for the first time. Mr. Tully gazed fascinated at the waffle, and his gaze was returned by the waffle. Neither blinked. The English are such masters at controlling their emotions, but we are happy to relate our American waffle did nobly under this trying situation. Then Mr. Tully went to work upon the waffle with as much skill as any Yankee could have done.

After eating--let us be kind and say four--waffles, Mr. Tully was asked his opinion of them. "Succulent" he exclaimed in truly British fashion. And now that Andy has so admirably passed the waffle test, we feel certain he will easily pass the Immigration Officials when he visits New York next summer.

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ANOTHER BIRTHDAY PARTY

"Red" Guerin is day by day getting older, but he continues strictly masculine; he never tries to hide a birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Irwin were host and hostess to the members of the Engineering Department last Saturday night in commemoration of the 'steenth birthday' of Sonor Guerin. Every one who was fortunate enough to be present reports a most enjoyable evening.

SPORTS

6.

OUR ALL AMERICAN

They hang 'em for less than this in the good State of Texas; just the same it behooves us to publish the names of the eleven foremost football players in America for the 1929 season. And we defy anyone of either sex (Male or Female) on the island to prove conclusively that we are in error. Here is the verdict:

| First Team | Second Team |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Carlmark, Army | E Tappan, So. Cal. |
| Barrett, Harvard | T Wakeman, Cornell |
| Law, Notre Dame | G Cannon, Notre Dame |
| Riegels, Calif. | C Moynihan, Notre Dame |
| Barrager, So. Cal. | G Dincolo, Pitt |
| Sloight, Purdue | T Hall, So. Cal. |
| Fesler, Ohio State | E Smith, Georgia |
| Booth, Yale | Q Wood, Harvard |
| Carideo, Notre Dame | HB Banker, Tulane |
| Marsters, Dartmouth, | HB Cagle, Army |
| Parkinson, Pitt | F Garrity, Calif. |

As usual there is a wealth of backfield material. One could name the four axes of Notre Dame and have a backfield almost as good as any composite backfield that could be picked from the entire nation; almost as good, in fact, as the backfield which carried Purdue through eight successive victories this year. But custom forces us to give some of the other boys a chance.

In our humble opinion, Booth, the Yale midget, is the class of the field generals for the current season, though he has very little edge over Carideo of Notre Dame and Wood of Harvard. In fact we consider Carideo so good that we have shifted him to half back rather than shunt him to the second string; his punting, passing, and ball-toting ability have been of such sterling quality this year that we dare not overlook him. Marsters is a superb ball carrier,

leading the country in scoring when he was forced out for the season with an injured spine. The fullback post is turned over to Parkinson, the line pulverizer of the unbeaten Pittsburg eleven. In choosing the two teams above we were forced to pass up such stars as Masters, Tom; Uansa, Pittsburg; Murrell, Army; Clifton, Navy; and Devens, Harvard, in the East; McEvers, Tennessee, Holm, Alabama; and Crabtree, Florida in the Southern Conference; Brill, Mullins and Elder, Notre Dame; Glasgow, Iowa; Phernor, Minnesota; Welch and Harrison, Purdue; Peters, Illinois; and Berghorn of Northwestern in the Middle West; and Duffield, Saunders, and Musick of So. Calif., Schwartz, Wash. State and Lon, of California on the West Coast.

The wing positions go to Carlmark, outstanding Army lineman and Fesler, Ohio State. Tappan of So. California and Preston of Stanford are close on the heels of those two. Fesler has played excellent football all fall, his alertness in recovering fumbles bringing him three touchdowns.

At the tackle positions, Captain Barrett of Harvard, and Sloight, Purdue, the best tackle in the Big Ten this year.

The team leaders are placed at guard Captain Barrager of So. California and Captain John Law of Notre Dame.

The center berth is assigned to Capt. Roy Riegels of California, the "goat" of last year's Tournament of Roses game. He is one of the most accurate passers from center in the business, but he just shades Moynihan of Notre Dame; Kaval, Illinois, and B. Ticknor of Harvard.

FOOT BALL SCORES THANKSGIVING DAYS

| | | | |
|--------------|----|------------|---|
| Pennsylvania | 17 | Cornell | 7 |
| Pittsburg | 20 | Penn State | 7 |

NOVEMBER 30th

| | | | |
|--------------|----|--------------|---|
| Notre Dame | 7 | Army | 0 |
| Navy | 13 | Dartmouth | 6 |
| So. Carolina | 20 | No. Carolina | 6 |

PAN AM MAJORITY CONTESTS IN
TENNIS MATCH WITH EAGLE REPRESENTATIVES

December opened up like spring last Sunday morning and perhaps that's what helped the Pan Am Tennis players to walk off with the bunting in all but one of the matches played with the Eagle Club.

Rutz beat Kingwood in two straight sets by scores of 6-0, 7-5. In the first set Rutz was master all the way, but weakened in the second set only to come back with a determined rally and win after being down 2-5.

Hassell of the Eagle's boat Roebuck in a pretty exhibition of Tennis to the tune of 8-6, 6-3. Hassell's game was more consistent than Roebuck's even tho the Pan Amr. forced him to extend himself during the first set.

Schulenberg and Boom easily won over Chrystal and Merrinweather. Roebuck and Schulenberg found tough sledding in their match with Piotiers and Gossir, the first set going to 9-7. Things were easier in the second set, the Pan Am team winning 6-1.

Mrs. Oxley and Ken Myers playing against Mrs. Hassell and Kingwood drew the headline for spectator's interest. The match ended with Mrs. Oxley and Myers in possession of a 6-3, 6-1 count.

Of as much interest and enjoyment was the social evening which followed the matches. The Arund Colony Club are wonderful hosts - that's the story told by all the Pan Amers. who journeyed to Cranjested for the matches.

In the form of a challenge to the Lele Tanker fload is a bid for a cricket game which Eagle wants to play.

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PAN-ARUBAN ADVERTISING

The power of Pan-Aruban advertising has again been proved. Wednesday afternoon Ned Bell called in an ad for a lost Fountain Pen. The ad was set to type and ready to go to press when Ned reported that the pen had been found. That was Thursday morning. We have heard of the power of inference and suggestion and can only draw the conclusion that the mere hint of an ad in the PAN-ARUBAN brings the desired results. It pays.

IF BASEBALL WERE PLAYED LIKE FOOTBALL
(Reprinted from the N.Y.Sun)

"Ruth is at bat now, folks...He has taken his third strike, but isn't out.. They've changed the rule on the third strike, you know, and a third strike does not count any more if the batter swings after the ball has crossed the plate... There!...Babe has socked out a home run clear over the fence!...No, wait a minute, folks!...The umpire is blowing the whistle and calling Ruth back...I don't know why...It seems it is illegal to knock a curve ball over the fence, or something...The rules committee, I am told, changed the regulations last winter so that only straight fast balls can be knocked over the fence.

"Ruth is still up...He had five strikes on him a minute ago, but he now has only one strike...The pitcher was penalized four strikes for taking too much time or something...Snack!...Ruth just poled one into deep center field, where Wilson caught it...Ruth is now on third base... It may be that some of you do not quite understand that play...It was like this... Under the new rule it is illegal for a center fielder to catch a ball until it has first touched the ground!

Now Lazzeri is up...On the first ball pitched he fouls a high one into the grand stand...Lazzeri is out...Mr. Jarvis B. Pootle of McKeesport, Pa., a spectator in a blue suit caught the ball...Under the revised code a player is out if a foul ball into the stands is caught by any gentleman in a blue suit...It makes it more intricate.

Miller is now at bat...One strike, three balls...Ball four!...Ball five!...Ball six...Ball seven!...Ball eight!... It looks pretty serious now...If Miller gets ten balls he walks...This is quite different from the old days when four balls constituted a pass...It all tends to open up the game."

.....
On Thanksgiving Day, the powerful Pittsburg "Panthers," led by the fierce charging full back, "Pug" Parkinson, battered out a 20 to 7 victory over Penn State's dogged crew to finish the regular season with an uninterrupted string of victories and a first rate claim of National as well as Western championship.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP, by Joan Lowell
SALT WATER TUFFY, by Corey Ford.
One should not read one of these books
without reading the other and do so in
the order in which I give them. I have
not actually made up my mind if I like
either of them at all. IN THE CRADLE
OF THE DEEP we have a sailing ship story
that strives hard to be realistic with
a touch of good humour. In truth, I
believe that it would, with a couple
of very small censures, be better in
its class if sold as a book for child-
ren. It stands half-way between Jules
Verne's A CALENDAR AT 15 and de Segur's
MISCHIEFS OF SOPHIE (recently translated).
Joan Lowell relates little but her own
childish doings which are similar to
those of any other child raised by sane
hygiene and open air - only these mis-
chiefs occur on board a sailing vessel.
I would not dare to vouch as to the
accuracy of technical details about
weather, sails, winds, courses...it
probably is safe to state that landlubbers
will be impressed and seafaring men
disgusted as is always the case with
sea novels.

SALT WATER TUFFY intends to be a satire
but it lacks just the very delicate sense
of humour required in satire and slips
into burlesque. Here and there one
finds sentences of refreshing good wit
such as this one: "I found his faithful
22, with which he was won't so often,
to shoot the sun..." or this short
dialogue; "Throw over the anchor." "I
did throw over the anchor." "Then
why is the boat drifting?" "There wasn't
any rope on the anchor." ... or again
this foot note referring to the Virgin
Isles: "In general their longitude
is unknown; but their latitude, on the
other hand, is strongly suspected."
Such as these help lighten the rather
heavy sarcasm that follows page after
page throughout the book. One word
as to the illustrations. Kurt Wiese
has made a good job of those in THE
CRADLE OF THE DEEP, they are in black and
white, faintly blurred and extraordi-
narily alive, perhaps the best of the whole
book. As for SALT WATER TUFFY, the pic-
tures are in the order of Hollywood
burlesque films and are often very
amusing.

.....
John McCormack made his first appear-
ance in two years before the microphone
on Thanksgiving.

The Skipper and the Engineer,
Had fussed throughout the trip,
Their arguments were loud and clear.
"Who runs this blooming ship?"

"It takes good brains to navigate"
The Skipper roughly said,
"Or engineers would be fish bait
Down in the ocean bed."

The Engineer with eyes a-gleam
Replied without a flinch,
"When o'er I turn off my steam
You cannot steer an inch."

The Skipper roared, "Look here, you snob,
A dollar to a dime,
That I can run your blinking job,
But you can't tackle mine."

The Engineer said, "That's a go,
Give me your cap and coat.
And you take mine, and go below
and I will steer the boat."

They switched their jobs, and each one
Whilst cigarettes they lit, swore
In just about an hour or more
He'd make the other quit.

While on the bridge, the Engineer
Enjoyed the cool sea breeze,
The Skipper breathed an atmosphere
Bedewed with oil and grease.

The day's routine seemed just the same
For all was going well,
When up on deck the Skipper came
And started raising Hell!

"Down you," he yelled, "I had to quit"
As on the bridge he dived.
"Your engine's stopped, and I'll admit
I cannot get it started."

The Engineer just turned around
And gave a hearty laugh,
Said he, "Old Top, we've been aground
For three hours and a half."

WM. FLEMING

.....
After lying for ten years in lonely
Siberian graves, the bodies of 75 Amer-
icans were approaching their homeland
to receive the honors of their Country.

"TEDDY'S" INDEPENDENCE JOURN

(Continued)

Now, some old salts, sailing ship masters and relics of an age when there were real sailors, had warned me to keep clear of the French coast. Furthermore, I had seen in Brown Nautical Almanac a sentence that, "Sailing vessels should under all conditions give Ushant and its dangers a wide berth." Yes, I imagine the coast of Bretagne is bad. It is not only that Ushant is exposed to the force of wind, waves and current of open ocean, but the tide causes quite a good deal of disturbance, running in some places along the coast with a speed of up to 5 knots an hour. Even in La Havre the difference between high and low tide amounted to 28 feet and it is easy to understand that those billions of tons of water rushing in and out within a few hours must be difficult to navigate for a small sailing vessel that cannot afford the luxury of a tug boat.

I accordingly shaped my course to take us right out into the middle of the Channel and altering it in a circle from north-north-west to south-west. Of course we came to sea, the weather, which had been fine all the time while we were snugly moored in Havre, became nasty, but the wind was pretty fair. We kept as much sail on her as she could comfortably stand—which meant a full fore sail and a doubly reefed main sail. We passed Ushant 70 miles off and headed for Cape Ortegal on the Spanish north-west coast.

Now, we had not been able to complete our equipment in France and our means of navigation were still deplorably lacking. Therefore, I had been trying to get within signalling distance of a steamer in order to check our dead reckoning, but somehow, we never succeeded until one Sunday morning, five days after we left Le Havre, a big Norwegian steamer, the BELPAMELA, who must have made out our flag from a good distance, came up alongside, gave us our longitude, and latitude, the barometer reading, weather forecasts and what other useful information we wanted.

It was a very pleasant interruption of the monotony of our sailing, and we were very grateful. As we were at the time doing about 6 knots and the steamer must have been about five miles away when she saw us, and alter-

ing her course to catch up with us, it must have cost her at least two hours of her time to show us this kindness.

It is quite remarkable that our calculated position was only about five miles wrong.

Four days later we came to anchor in the little Spanish fishing place, Cedeira, the first of four ports we visited around the North West corner of Spain. During the six weeks we were in Spain, it was blowing almost incessantly, and while two were in La Coruna, ships kept coming in from the sea with their deck houses shifted, hatches and skylights carried away, rigging or funnels lost and so on. There was a schooner, yacht, belonging to an English Lord. She had been hove to off Ushant, bound for Southampton, but after all her three sets of sails were blown to rags, she had to run for it right across the Bay of Biscaya, and eventually arrived at La Coruna, water logged, her bulwarks and deck houses carried away, her stern all battered up, her skylights shifted and two of her three poles lost. Her owner told me that another half day at sea would probably have finished her.

(Safe from the Sea, we leave "TEDDY" for another week.)

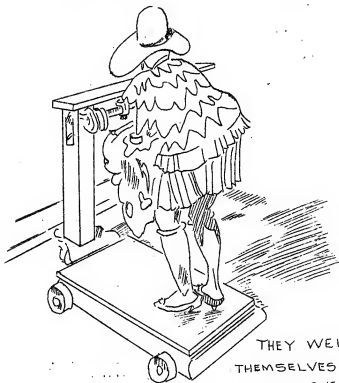
THE RETAIL COMMISSARY ANNOUNCES:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| NUTRICAL STRAIGHT-FROM-THE COW MILK | LOFTS' HARD CANDY |
| SHEPHERD'S SKRIP INK | BOTTLE BRUSHES |
| LAND-O-LAKES BUTTER | INGERSOLL WATCHES AND CLOCKS |
| LADIES BATHING CAPS | CLOTHES LINES |
| MERCUR-O-CROME | TINSEL TWINE |

.....

If you see a man standing off alone somewhere, looking at a small bit of cardboard, and laughing hysterically, don't think that he's missed too many boats, or gone cuckoo. Not at all. Its just that he's received his passport picture which was required to be taken--and like all passport pictures--well, you've got one yourself, so you know they're funny.

LIFE'S LITTLE BAROMETERS.



THEY WEIGH
THEMSELVES AT
THE BUTCHER
SHOP.